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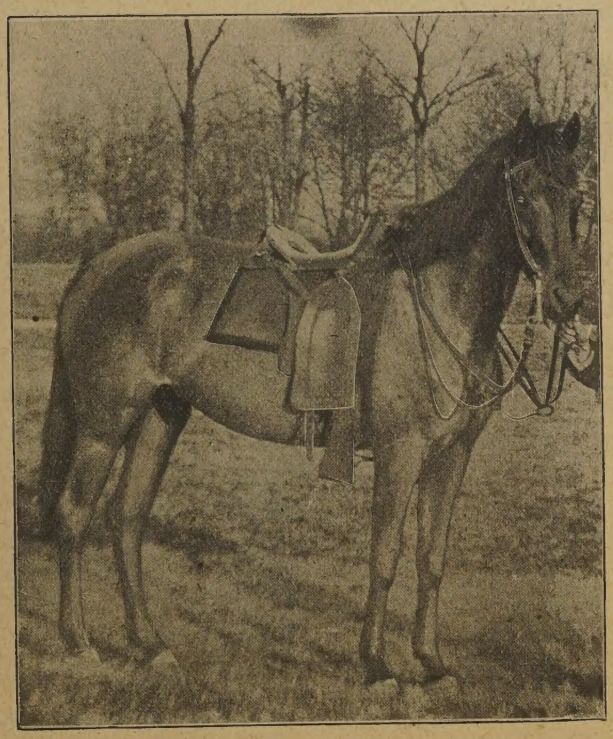
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1900. NUMBER 1



"JESS."

See JESS: BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50.

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VOLUME XLVI.

WITH the first issue in September we arrive at another half-yearly milepost and begin another volume, the Forty-Sixth. How rapidly they pass! How monotonous they become! at least to the editor who fain would seize these passing timemarks as occasions for getting a little closer to the reader and perhaps making another "Appeal". O how you dread it! if you read it at all, but, "Gentle Reader", if the reading is tiresome what do you think of the writing of it. Can you not afford to stop at least at the beginning of the year to ask yourself: "How is it going with UNITY?" "Who makes the wheels go round?" The wheels have been kept going for nearly twenty-three years. Men come and go, issues rise and pass, subscribers begin, renew and discontinue but UNITY goes on, for what purpose its twenty-two and a half years of life must testify and with what success let the reader answer. How many of the eyes that perused the greeting of the first volume in 1878 will look upon this salute of the forty-sixth volume in 1900? It would be interesting to know how many subscribers have stood by us for better or for worse for these twenty-three years.

When a subscriber tires of UNITY for any reason he tells us so and asks us to discontinue. Those who like it generally pay their money and say nothing. In the time of stress to whom will we turn if not to our friends? Are there not fifty possible subscribers waiting to know of UNITY, to take the place of the fifty subscribers who knowing it too well have stopped it? If so, who but you the loving and the loyal reader can help us find such? Is there no one within your reach who is today where you were when you first heard of UNITY?

September is the time to work out the good intentions formed during the vacation.

Will you lend a hand on UNITY? We need a new subscriber. You cannot find one? Some day UNITY may discover that it cannot live without that subscriber. When it does whose fault will it be?

But perhaps its death will be a relief and a blessing too!

UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1900. NUMBER 1

The Friend, the Quaker organ of Philadelphia, has this to say concerning the defective missionary work done by Christians in China:

"But let every breath of blame be hushed toward those volunteers for Christ who willingly took their lives in their hands to labor among a benighted people. We arraign not them but the Christendom which kept back a part from their outfit for the work—the peace-making part of the whole counsel of Christ. Was not His warning enough, when one tried to defend His cause by the sword, that a Christianity that takes the sword shall perish by the sword? Never will the free triumph of the Christian faith among the nations appear till the weapons of this warfare are not carnal."

A writer in the London *Saturday Review* as quoted in the *Literary Digest,* speaking of the new Encyclopedia Biblica, the first volume of which has appeared, tells us "that it is a significant fact that nearly all the important articles on New Testament subjects have been entrusted to continental scholars. From the point of view of the editors the criticism of the New Testament has not advanced so far as that of the old." The editor of the *Digest* agrees with the opinion expressed in these columns some months ago that the appearance of this work is "one of the most important events of recent years in the religious world."

The death of C. P. Huntington, perhaps the greatest railway magnate in the world, has been the occasion of discovering in him many virtues and ascribing to him a great service to the western world, all of which he deserves, but let not his death blind us to the fact that the great Southern Pacific railway system, the creature of his creation, has been a corrupt and corrupting influence in California politics for a generation; that it has made and unmade fortunes with ruthless disregard of individual rights and personal merits. He represented in his person the relentless and ruthless power of capitalism, determined to make its point independent of the ethical demands that are held binding upon smaller men engaged in smaller enterprises.

The *Independent* for August 18 has a merited word of commendation to the Rev. Braddin Hamilton of New York, who in a recent sermon to a Newport congregation had the skill and courage to tell the right truth in the right place. Our contemporary finds the following sound doctrine when preached as it was to men and women of wealth, members of the so-called "best society":

If you establish the ideal that a lavish, unnecessary, thoughtless expenditure of money is the great object of the American citizen's ambition, many a good man will go to prison through trying to furnish his wife with funds while she is trying to imitate your example. Show the people of this country that the boastful, vulgar, brainless spendthrift is not the ideal citizen of this country, but that the cultivated Christian gentleman, living comfortably on what he has come by honestly, and surrounded by every comfort or luxury he can afford—that he is the ideal citizen.

Our contemporary and neighbor, the *Reform Advocate,* has plunged fearlessly into politics. It reprints an article from the editor in a Chicago daily, in which he commits himself to the cause of McKinley as "my party's cause," agreeing with Senator Hoar to condone its offenses rather than to array himself against it. There is a further point made in this article, that the Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois, being a Jew, has no claim upon the Jewish vote as such, as the Jew should vote as a citizen, not as a member of a religious fraternity. The *Reform Advocate* in taking this position has assumed the alternative suggested in a recent number of this paper, i. e., not to avoid political issues but to discuss them with that dignity and ethical fairness that become a religious journal. Then it becomes the duty of the reader to read in the same spirit and to profit by the same whether in his independency he agrees or disagrees. Dr. Hirsch speaks plainly so that his readers can easily tell whether they agree with him or not; in either case it is the small man who cries out "stop my paper" because the editor has exercised once upon a time the right which each reader exercises every day, i. e., the right of expressing his opinion on disputed questions without asking leave of any one.

That was a most notable gathering at Sanders' Theater on the Harvard University campus, when thirteen hundred and eighty teachers of Cuba were recently assembled to listen to an address by the Hon. James M. Brown of Toledo, President of the American Humane Society. When Mr. Brown told them that the American Society had the last year investigated twenty-eight thousand cases of cruelty to children the Cuban teachers were shocked, for they said in Cuba cruelty to children is almost unknown and that brutalities to the same springing from inebriety were also unknown until the recent introduction of American whisky. These Cubans were again surprised when Mr. Brown told them that ninety-eight thousand cases of cruelty to animals had been investigated during the year, for cruelty to the beasts of burden is the rule in Cuba and not the exception and the attempt to punish the same seemed to them to be out of the range of possibilities. The teachers were again surprised when told that thirty-five million dumb animals were annually transported in the west in crowded cars to the slaughter houses of America. Mr. Brown concluded his suggestive address to this most timely audience by presenting each teacher with a copy of "Black Beauty" printed in Spanish. This is indeed the ministry of peace and is in the line of "benevolent assimilation."

A Waning Army.

Chicago was resplendent in its bunting, its triumphal arches, brass bands and crowded streets last week. A congestion of humanity was witnessed the like of which had not occurred since the great Chicago Day during the World's Fair, when perhaps the greatest crowd that was ever known on earth was witnessed, accompanied the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Many thousand soldiers found free beds in the public school buildings of Chicago and the hospitality of private homes was taxed to the maximum.

But notwithstanding the inspiration of the crowd, the happy weather, the cordial greeting and the buoyant enthusiasm of the sightseers, it was a pathetic occasion. It was a great turn-out to see the ragged remnant of what was once a great army. The *Record* in an editorial called attention to the fact that it was a procession of old men the average age of which was perhaps over sixty. The old lustiness of the cheer was missing; while at the outset heads were erect and the step prompt, the column soon became careless of marching time and the "old boys" stumped along on their canes. Commander Shaw confessed that the organization that in 1890 numbered 409,000 has shrunk to less than 300,000. Over 8,000 of the "old boys" died last year, the Grand Army of Wisconsin alone having shrunk 3,000. And last Tuesday, notwithstanding the facilities and the favorable conditions, only about 23,000 veterans mustered for the march.

Many expediences have been suggested for the purpose of filling up the ranks, such as the incorporation of the "Sons of Veterans," and the extension of the organization so as to cover the veterans of the Cuban and Philippine wars. But such expediences would be of little avail. The veterans of the war for the liberty of the black man in '61 to '65 can have no successors and the organization must die when its constituency will have served its time.

A few years more and there will not be enough left of them to make a "demonstration" and the marching will be over.

But the "boys" are not all dead yet; there are enough of them above ground to be counted for some years. Let these reunions be continued until the last two survivors meet to shake hands over their comrades' graves. But the nature of the reunions will necessarily change. The temper of the celebration should be altered. Even the old soldier has a right to the mellow quiet of the Indian summer. Less and less essential to these reunions will become the blare of the trumpet, the noise of powder and the boisterous hurry. These reunions cannot reach their maximum in the future by recounting the oft-told tales that are being blurred by indistinctness and are rendered monotonous in their exaggerations. The orator whose best stock in trade is a quantity of profanity and vulgarity doled out in the name of "the boys in blue" must be retired in the interest of him who has poetic insight and human sympathies with which to interpret the passion and the pathos of the great story. Not fun but a joy more deep, not noisy enthusiasm but the peace of silence, will more and more mark the annual reunions of this waning army.

Neither can this waning column be successfully manipulated for partisan ends and for political effect. Every attempt in this direction by newspaper or by orator is an indignity to history and an insult to the soldier. Not that there should be a suppression of political preferences on the platform or in the audience, but the "G. A. R." neglects to deliver its noblest message and is false to its highest history when it lends itself consciously or unconsciously to the manipulator of partisan votes.

"You ought to be in Chicago this week," said a faithful Republican to an anti-imperialist veteran, "that you might hear the sharp cuts you are getting there from the speakers." The "cuts" might be disciplinary to the listener, but they were unworthy the occasion and reflected no honor upon the wit of him who would prostitute the occasion to polemic uses. Among those grizzly traditions of a valiant army walked those who will next November vote for McKinley, Bryan and Woolley, and he has poorly understood the material that enters into the G. A. R. who will not discover honest men among them all and he has poorly read the history of our country who does not see great and important truths worthy of support in all the platforms and represented by all the speakers. The Republicans and Democrats lay side by side in the trenches at Vicksburg and marched shoulder to shoulder at Gettysburg. Will one party become impatient in the presence of the other as they now gather in reunions? At a recent camp reunion the present writer heard a speaker summarily called down by an impatient protest—the chair did not rebuke the interruptors—when a speaker in dignified terms pled for the liberty of the Filipino, although one of the speakers that had preceded him had at great length and with much oratorical ingenuity boxed the ears of all "fault finders" and "critics of the government." We do not say that the first speaker was guilty of an impropriety but rather that the suppression of the second speaker was unworthy the traditions of the Grand Army of the Republic.

May the remaining days of this order be spent on the uplands of ideas. Now that the bayonet is laid aside may the ballot become a more sacred trust. The great task of the surviving soldier is to bring himself down to date, to realize that the world has been moving on, that

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must up and onward ever,
> Who would keep abreast of truth."

Thoughts of Peace in Times of War.

The Spirit of War has broken out again throughout the world. We are surprised. We had thought the Age of Peace had come to stay for centuries perhaps. The dream of a universal parliament and international harmony had so strongly seized the modern mind that when the Russian Czar proposed the Peace Conference at the Hague, the leading nations cheerfully and hopefully responded. But scarcely had the conference adjourned when the first spark of war ignited the whole world, and now the nations are mutually trembling at the gates of China lest, when they have demolished her empire, they be leaping at each other's throats.

Why, then, we ask, did not the strong Thought of Peace which had become so prevalent manifest its supremacy and become registered in the external conditions of life? Because, concealed beneath the Thought of Peace was a deeper and a stronger thought which was ceaselessly expressing itself unconsciously in the bosom of civilization. That thought was that each of the nations was simply simulating a desire for peace, and was really suffering peace to prevail only until an advantageous moment would arrive when one or the other—England or Russia, Germany or France—riding on the flowing tide of opportunity, would sweep down her opponents beneath the gory crests of desolating war. The feeling for many decades has been instinct in the mind of man that Russia or England or one of the other nations was but waiting her opportunity to pounce upon her hereditary foe, crushing him with one fell blow and establishing thereby her own international supremacy. The proof of this existing disposition is found in the vast military system which prevails throughout Europe—each nation armed to the teeth, ready, at the word, to be hurled headlong in precipitous war upon the other.

With such conditions the thought of universal peace could never sincerely exist. Outwardly some would mention peace, inwardly they would dread or dream of war. Under such conditions war was sure to come; and to-day it looks as though the dream of peace would be shattered for years and gory battlefields would incarnadine the civic strongholds of Christendom.

In such times there is but one recourse for the lovers of peace. They must send round the globe the ceaseless current of peaceful thoughts, exalting the glory and emprise of the reign of Peace and declaring everywhere, in valley and mountain height, in schoolroom and at the merchant's deck, in parliament and palace, in humblest homes and most honored places, that only by the Reign of Peace are the true interests of humanity conserved, that War is a curse and though sometimes a seeming necessity, never necessary if men are willing to be unselfish and live the larger life of love and brotherhood.

But how unlikely are such thoughts seriously entertained, even in what are known as the religious circles of society. Here comes a bishop of the Methodist Church, Earl Cranston, lately returned from a tour around the globe, who, beholding the coveted prize of the Orient for the greedy appetite of Christianity, avows that a war by which Heathendom would be subjected to the civilizing influences of Christendom is justified at any cost, either of filthy lucre or the sacrifice of human life. Christianity is dying at home, therefore it must be strengthened and expanded abroad. If the clergy can arouse the enthusiasm of a crusade, it would be the most fortunate event in the material growth of Christendom which has occurred since Peter the Hermit hurled all Europe against the Mohammedan stronghold and sought to rescue the Holy City from the grasp of Anti-Christ. No doubt every pulpit in the land would thunder with "patriotic" outbursts, stirring the multitudes to martial fervor, if they discerned the possibility of evangelizing all Asia with a Bible saturated with human gore and the prayers of a thousand cannon thundering at the gates of Pekin. This is the mission of the gentle Jesus; this the way "Christian" leaders snce the days of Constantine and Charlemagne have ever disseminated the Bible and the tenets of Christianity. Every letter and syllable of the Creed is myriad-dyed in the blood of human sacrifices. The established church, alas, craves war, yearns for it, for without conquest she becomes moribund and threatens to offend the nostrils of civilization with the putrid corpse of Ecclesiasticism.

But there is a new day and a new religion; a new Christ and a new Christianity. And yet it is not new—but the old, old story of Jesus and his love. Let that song reverberate throughout the world—Jesus and his love—Jesus and his sword of peace (which, drawn to slay a foe, shall slay the assailant, as he himself said). Peace, peace everywhere, not the peace of criminal resignation, not the peace of wrong and injustice and error and despotism, not the peace of avaricious power which sways its tyrannous sceptre over the weak and poor, not the peace of cowardice and fear, or of cringing sycophancy; but the peace of Truth and Right, and Justice and Love—let this peace be everywhere proclaimed from hut to palace and workbench to the thrones of reigning dynasties—and ere long the forbidding clouds of horrid war will roll away and the Angel of Peace, blessing the world, will appear amid the glorified heavens, to enlighten, ennoble and uplift a terrified, downtrodden and benighted age.—*From the Independent Thinker for August.*

GOOD POETRY.

To the Sky-Lark.

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky!
  Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
  Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
  Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
  Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
  A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
  Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—*Wordsworth.*

The Air.

Invisible enchanter, sweet and strong,
That crumblest mountains in thy soft embrace,
That rock'st the feathered seed through sunlit space
And lull'st the sea with thy caressing song;
How lightly dost thou dance the waves among,
And wingest them for flight of fitful grace,
And in the cloud-rack's path which none can trace
Dispersing cheer the parched earth along!
My voice thou bearest over dale and hill
And spread'st in viewless billows near and far;
And with a subtler undulation still
Thou tremblest with the light of farthest star,
And holdest lightly, hovering on high,
The bright phantasmal bridge from earth to sky.

—*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

The Human Tie.

"As if life were not sacred, too."—George Eliot.

"Speak tenderly! For he is dead," we say;
  "With gracious hand smooth all his roughened past,
  And fullest measure of reward forecast,
Forgetting naught that gloried his brief day."
Yet when the brother who, along our way—
  Prone with his burdens, heart-worn in the strife—
  Falters before us, how we search his life,
Censure, and sternly punish while we may!

Oh, weary are the paths of Earth, and hard!
And living hearts alone are ours to guard.
At least, begrudge not then the sore distraught
The reverent silence of our pitying thought.
Life, too, is sacred; and he best forgives
Who says: "He errs, but—tenderly! He lives."

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

Mazzini.

A PROPHET OF THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

Among the contributors to civilization, among the benefactors of humanity, prophets play a cardinal role. They are the keepers of the fire of faith. They encourage us and lend us treasures of hope. They girdle us with moral strength and awaken us whenever our sense of duty slumbers. They are the heaven-sent orators, the inspirers, the light-bearers of the ages.

A man who, while serving the world in various ways, has most eminently filled the position of a prophet, is the saintly Italian, Joseph Mazzini. He was a cosmopolitan, a humanitarian. Loving Italy as perhaps no other Italian ever loved it, he loved above everything humanity, and endeavored to inspire that love in others. In an address that he delivered in commemoration of the Brothers Bandiera and their fellow martyrs, he said: "Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother."

But our love for humanity must be shown. We must prove it by our acts. Hence arise duties; hence a religion. Thus Mazzini came to the conclusion that "all great questions which agitate the world resolve themselves into a religious question." (See "From Pope to the Council," written in London, 1850.) He then set himself to work for the amelioration of society from a religious standpoint. He defined life, "a mission"; duty, "life's highest law," and religion, "humanity." Taking the words of Jesus, "All men are the sons of God," for his first principle, he endeavored to found a universal church, a church where all men could worship. His theory was that "men were in need of unity," and it was high time to have it. "The world of individuality, the world of the Middle Ages," he says, "is exhausted and consumed." The modern era, the social world, is now in the dawn of its development. * * * "The future is humanity."

Mazzini believed in God as a source of duty and equality of man. But such principles as duty and equality of man he was unable to find in the current church. He did not find it in Protestantism, still less in Papacy. As to Protestantism, he hoped it will repair its mistakes, but he had no faith in Papacy. "Italian duty," he writes in his essay on the "Minor Works of Dante," "could not be the work of the Popes, for they, who had made common cause with the people so long as the struggle between the priesthood and the empire was undecided, had now abandoned them." He criticised the existing Roman Catholicism, because it united with the kings instead of uniting with the people; because their God seemed to him an abstraction used on holidays and on church affairs only; because he saw it dying, and lastly, because he saw it a farce. It became his earnest desire then to reanimate Europe; to rekindle faith in the heart of man. To do this he did not antagonize the priests, but invited pope and priests to unite with him. The Roman clergy, however, hurled its anathema upon him. He then became convinced that the old Roman Church was hopelessly corrupt. He found that while the pope says: "Be subservient to my word in all that concerns the things of heaven," the king says: "Be subservient to my sword in that concerns the things of earth. They make use by turns of excommunication and bombardment of the priest and of the executioner." (See "From the Pope to the Council.")

Mazzini now commenced his religious work without the clergy. In his essay entitled "Rome and the French Government" he writes, "We will advance without the church," and then he corrects himself, and says, "Nay, not without the church, but from the church of the past to the church of the future; from the dead to the living church, the church of free men and equals, wherein he shall be first who best has served his brothers, and where the seat of faith needs not to be upheld by force."

Mazzini preached against the dogma of current churchism, which tells us: "What are all earthly interests in comparison with the immortal life of your soul? Think of this. Fix your eyes on heaven. What matters it how you live here below? You are doomed to die, and God will judge you according to the thoughts you have given, not to earth, but to Him. Are you unhappy? Bless the God who has sent you sorrows. Terrestial existence is but a period of trial, the earth but a land of exile. Despise it and raise yourselves above it. In the midst of sorrows, poverty or slavery you can still turn to God and sanctify yourselves in adoration of Him, in prayer and in faith in a future that will largely recompense you for having despised every worldly thing."

To Mazzini such a doctrine seemed absurd. To him "heaven and earth" were "One," even as the way and the goal is one. "Tell us not," he says,

> "That the earth is of clay. The earth is of God. God created it as the medium through which we may ascend to Him. The earth is not a mere sojourn of temptation or of expiation; it is the appointed dwelling place wherein we are bound to work out our own improvement and development, and advance towards a higher stage of existence. God created us not to contemplate, but to act. * * * Yours is not a religion, it is the sect of men who have forgotten their origin; forgotten the battles which their fathers fought against a corrupt society, and the victories they gained in transforming the world which you despise, O men of contemplation."

Continuing in the same strain, he says:

> "The first real, earnest religious Faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds, will transform the whole of our actual social organization, because every strong and earnest faith tends to apply itself to every branch of human activity; because in every epoch of its existence the earth has ever tended to conform itself to the Heaven in which it then believed; and because the whole history of Humanity is but the repetition—in form and degree varying according to the diversity of the times—of the word of the Christian prayer: Thy Kingdom come on Earth as it is in Heaven. Let these words—better understood and better applied than in the past—be the utterance of your faith, O my brothers! Repeat them and strive to fulfill them."

In accordance with such views, Mazzini considered the dogma of unique and immediate revelation a sacrilege. To him revelation was constant and ceaseless. "A continuous revelation," he says, "from epoch to epoch, makes manifest to man a fragment of the truth, a word of the law. The discovery of every one of these words modifies human life by a sensible advance on the path of improvement and constitutes a belief, a faith."

To Mazzini, who considered current religion to consist mainly of symbols and rites, it seemed that the existing creeds had little life. To him they seemed to belong absolutely to the past. "Perhaps in religion, as in politics," he says, "the age of the symbol is passing away, and a solemn manifestation may be approaching of the idea as yet hidden in that symbol. Perhaps the discovery of a new relation—that of the individual to humanity—may lay the foundation of a new religious bond, as the relation of the individual with nature was the soul of paganism, as the relation of the individual with God has been the soul of Christianity."

Current Christianity, he thought, though "superior to paganism, or the religions of the East," had but dimly forseen, not grasped or assimilated, the sacred idea contained in the word progress. They understood the idea of the unity of the human race, and the unity of the law; they understood the idea of the perfectibility of man, but they did not comprehend that God has given man the power of realizing it by his own efforts nor the mode by which it has to be achieved.

Mazzini's conception of religion, then—as you can readily infer from what is cited—was a religion that would tend to the immediate enbetterment of man. Indeed, in his essay entitled "Thoughts Upon Democracy in Europe" he expresses that view in plain language. "We wish him," he says in that essay, "to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great and the true; that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul. We wish him to have, in a faith freely adopted, a Pharos to guide him, and we would have his acts correspond to that faith." And this, he thought, we could only attain when we became more intimate with each other, when we will consider ourselves equal to each other. "When the arms of Christ, even yet stretched out on the cross, shall be loosened to clasp the whole human race in one embrace, when there shall be no more pariahs, nor brahmins, nor servants, nor master, but only men—we shall adore the great name of God with much more love and faith than we do now." It is then, he thought, our faith will not only be "upon" our "lips" but in "our hearts." Mazzini himself was the most ardent believer in this religion which he preached and entertained the strongest hopes in its realization.

In his essay, "Faith and the Future," he says: "I have faith in God, the power of truth, and in the historic logic of things. I feel in my inmost heart that the delay is not for long. The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle, and should we perish in the undertaking it shall yet be cleared." He continues in the same essay to argue and illustrate how humanity does progress and is destined to progress. After describing the tortures which Galileo suffered, he concludes:

"Three centuries have passed away. Inquisitors, inquisition, absurd theses imposed by force—all these have disappeared. Naught remains but the well-established movement of the earth, and the sublime cry of Galileo floating above the ages. Child of Humanity, raise thy brow to the sun of God, and read upon the Heaven: 'It moves.' Faith and action; the future is ours!"

With such a strong belief in progress, and in the religion of humanity, Mazzini preached that faith to his countrymen and to all the nations of Europe.

His strength was his earnestness, his power was his enthusiasm. He always responded to the throbbing of his soul.

Victor Hugo, the French Shakespeare, has compared his countryman Voltaire to Jesus, as a reformer. Doubtless many of our Christian brethren will not agree with the details of Hugo's comparison, and yet I think there is much truth in the words of Hugo. "Jesus wept," says Hugo, and "Voltaire smiled." Now, on whatever points scholars may differ as to the significance and character of Jesus, it can hardly be denied that that sentence, "Jesus wept," characterizes the Nazerine. For me, I confess this sentence has a world of meaning, an ocean of thought. This sentence, the shortest sentence in the Bible, enables me to see what I think is the real power of Jesus. Again, the phrase, "Voltaire smiled," equally sums up the reformatory power of Voltaire. And now let me add: "Mazzini felt." That is, Mazzini summed up. A tear is the everlasting monument of Jesus; a smile that of Voltaire; a pulsation of the heart that of Mazzini. Yes, a pulsation of the heart, that is Mazzini; for, critically speaking, Mazzini was not a great writer, not a great philosopher, not a great economist, not even a great statesman. He did not always see clearly, but he always felt intensely. I repeat, Mazzini felt. He felt for the poor, he felt for the oppressed, he felt for the ignorant, for the superstitious, for the enslaved. He felt for those who build the palaces and live in huts; for those who print the books and have no occasion to read; for those who make the clothes and go in rags; for those who create the useful and get the useless; for those who produce the most and own the least. And out of that feeling came a cry, a cry of the heart perhaps, more than of the head, but a thundering cry none the less. A cry which impelled Pius XI. to leave Rome in 1849 in the middle of the night; a cry which made the kings of Europe tremble on their thrones; a cry whose echo becomes louder with each vibration of the social wind-wave.

As Mazzini would not have kings own bodies, so he would not have priests own souls. As he opposed government by brute force, so he opposed government by superstition and fear. He was the most candid Republican of our age; the most ardent lover of freedom of the nineteenth century. He was not a single man, he was, he is an epoch, a chapter in history. He is the incarnation of the struggling genius of Italy. He is the prophet of the rising religion.

He said nothing original, using the term in its limited sense, but what he did say was with such eloquence, with such earnestness, with such devotion, that it does not allow us to remain indifferent, still less to ignore his words.

Like most prophets, Mazzini was not practical, and like most prophets, he was somewhat obstinate. He believed his ideas were the most correct, and was ready to pay with his life for them. Like most prophets, he was very conscious of his mission, and like most prophets, he believed himself to stand at the head of his age. But again, like most prophets, he does it in so innocent, earnest and sincere a manner that we cannot charge him with ambition.

Yes, he, if any man of our age, was in my humble estimation one of those chosen sons of God, who impelled by an inner force to come forth and tell the people—the cynical and sceptical people of Europe, that while Papacy is extinct, religion endures forever; that while it is true that the old forms of religion are dying, religion, per se, is eternal; that though injustice is prevalent, justice is after all destined to triumph; that there is a sacred law of right; that there is a law which governs this universe; that there is a law of progress; that the "kingdom of heaven" is at hand, and that if we will work for it we will reach it. Mazzini's message to the world, perhaps, differs in many features from those given to us by former prophets, it does so beacuse the epoch in which Mazzini lived differs. Its value is practically the same.

The reason why Mazzini is so little read and slightly understood is because we are yet living in a time of transition. The writings of our Hartmanns are still the fascinations of our thinking public. Cynics and sceptics still fill our libraries with their demented books. But as soon as these books shall have become the appreciated works of the past the world will learn the true estimation of Mazzini, and religion, religion in a higher form, will fill the vacuum which is now felt everywhere, and will again reanimate the now sceptical and cynical world.

When the mist of pessimism shall have been cleared away, when the clouds of ignorance shall have dissipated, the new-born sun—the sun whose name is knowledge—shall kiss the brows of the slumbering millions and with its benign force shall awaken them to their sacred duties.

The folds of night have already fallen off. A day of broader thought and life is dawning. The most illustrious pages in the volume of human progress "are opening upon us with sublime rapidity of succession." Onward is our march! Onward is the flight of humanity! Onward is the road we are destined to travel! One by one we are recognizing our noble martyrs, our honest advocates, our true statesmen, our pure patriots, our great reformers. And who knows but that Mazzini —now little known—may soon become the prophet of a

religious movement, the future religion, the Religion of humanity. LOUIS J. ROSENBERG, LL. B.
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Psychical Research.

In a recent number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, has presented in a masterly fashion the claims of the spiritistic hypothesis, and its necessity in order to the explanation of certain phenomena uncovered by the Psychical Research Society and others, and apparently inexplicable on the hypothesis of hypnotism or telepathy in any of its phases. He has furnished, as he seems to think, sufficient data to demonstrate the insufficiency of telepathy or suggestion, and to support the spiritistic hypothesis. These data were the results of Prof. Hyslop's investigations and experiments with that representative of the type of the genuine medium as defined by the Psychical Research Society, Mrs. Piper, who has figured so prominently in this respect these many years.

In the current *Harper's Monthly* Mr. Thomas Jay Hudson, whose work on the "Law of Psychic Phenomena" is widely known, publishes a paper on "Evidence of Life after Death" in which he assails vigorously the spiritistic hypothesis and argues for the hypothesis of telepathy as grounded on the law of suggestion. His paper has special reference to the data and explanations advanced by Prof. Hyslop, but it generally refers to the whole scope of the spiritistic hypothesising. The law of suggestion, Mr. Hudson urges, furnishes "a perfect solution of all this phase of spiritistic phenomena"; and certainly the case, as it is here set forth, while exhibiting in principle no novelty to the special student of psychical life and its laws, gets an admirable and quite convincing presentation. The various data on which the spiritistic devotees have based their arguments for the hypothesis of spiritism Mr. Hudson takes up and examines in the light of the law of suggestion, and in each instance shows the sufficiency of "suggestion" of telepathy in one or other of its complicate aspects to solve problems raised. Perhaps the most interesting part of the article is that concerned with the elucidation and defense of what Mr. Andrew Lang has called *telepathie a trois,* or "telepathy by three." Mr. Hudson offers several experiments which support this phase of the hypothesis, and apparently has no doubt in his own mind that this "telepathy by three" is abundantly able to explain satisfactorily all the most complex and difficult phenomena so far discovered in the realm of psychical research. And the next point which he makes against spiritism and utilizes most effectively is "that we have no logical right nor occasion to ascribe to supermundane origin any phenomenon that is explicable by reference to efficient causes that we know to exist, inherent, in the minds of living people." The reader of philosophical literature will easily recognize this as Occam's razor, *nur mit ein bischen anderen Worten.* The point, however, constitutes an important step, and makes plain the path which scientific investigation must follow in explaining the phenomena of this kind. Another and excellent presentation of this logical prerequisite has been made by Prof. G. W. T. Patrick, of Iowa University, in his paper on "Some Peculiarities of the Secondary Personality," published in the University of Iowa Studies in Psychology, 1899.

Mr. Hudson has made out a strong case for *telepathie a trois,* but despite his experimental data and lucid explanations, there seems to cling about the matter an atmosphere of the occult and improbable, though one would not say impossible. To be sure, the problem is far from being closed, as Mr. Hudson well remarks in effect. And it is only scientific to work to their very utmost the ascertained laws and working hypothesis, especially the law of suggestion, in the explanation of the most complicate psychic phenomena so far uncovered, before foisting upon the world wild and *soi-disant* scientific hypothesis that but fan the flames of a dying supernaturalism or add fuel to vicious superstition. And while telepathy in any or all of its possible developments and applications may not stand approved by science, and the law of suggestion, as now understood, may turn out sadly inadequate to the demands, it nevertheless seems unscientific and illogical to attempt to twist the supposed, and not as yet completely analyzed, facts on account of their inherent mystery into evidence for the existence of dissembodied or supernatural spirits, and support of the hope of personal continuance after death. The problem of immortality is all important and by no means to be trifled with. There is great need of additional light and wholesome discussion of whatever seems to contribute to its understanding; but we have yet to learn of the slightest support or illumination being afforded by the investigations and data on which the spiritistic hypothesis is based. The data needs further analysis, more careful sifting, probably, but they are not to be denied, as they can easily be substantiated. But it is the irrational inferences that are made from these data which we reject as we should a supposed communication as to the state of the other side of the moon. W. P. SMITH.

Eddy's Thoughts Above the World.

William A. Eddy, as the "Kite Man," has become widely known. He was primarily a kite flyer rather than a picture maker—that is, his success as an aerial photographer grew out of his love for experimenting in mid-air flying. As a mere boy his chief pastime was that of playing with kites, and his enthusiasm never failed to astonish his companions.

He has made his kites do many things in mid-air, but of course the most interesting results have been in the line of aerial photography.

He began real and serious experiments with kites when he was thirteen, and with balloons when he was sixteen, and he has been at both ever since. He was born in New York City, January 28, 1850, and twenty-one years later he secured the first mid-air, self-recording kite temperature.

On May 30, 1895, he took the first mid-air kite photograph in the Western Hemisphere. For nearly ten years he has carried out extensive and elaborate experiments with kites in atmospheric electricity, double and triple camera kite photography, and night and day war signaling with flags and lanterns. He also studied the audibility of music and other sounds evolved by a music box and bells lifted to a height of several hundred feet on the kite cable.

He has illumined the American flag aloft at night by colored fire near the flag and by fireworks, and has taken kite photographs of Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, Portland, Reading, Stamford, New York Harbor, the state camps at Sea Girt and other places.

His views of great cities, as seen from aloft, have been a revelation and have proven of fascinating interest—and they have shown the importance in photography, as in everything else, of a new point of view.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A little girl staying in the country for the first time saw a hen scratching in the garden.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "there's a hen wiping her boots! Do look!"—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Scheme for Class-Study and Readings in the Bible: From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis.

PART I.

XII.

Ezekiel.

We are dealing now with the second group of great prophets, coming somewhere about a century after the first, and centering around the closing years before the fall of Jerusalem, and the first years of the Captivity. Two names are usually associated together as two great leaders, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. They were practically contemporaries, although Jeremiah undoubt. began prophesying long before the other They may have known each other in Jerusalem. Indeed we must assume this for granted. Ezekiel had been a priest at the temple there. Perhaps he had been a prophet already in that city, but not in the important way in which Jeremiah had acted in that capacity.

When the first overthrow of Jerusalem occurred, Ezekiel went with the captives to Babylonia and during the interval before the final destruction of Jerusalem, Jeremiah, as we remember, was carried off—apparently against his will—to Egypt, there to die in sorrow in his old age.

The great point which concerns us with regard to the prophets who went to Babylonia is, that we have at last in his writings something like a complete work arranged by himself and with very few interpolations. In our studies we have at last reached substantial ground. If there are interpolations at all, they do not, it is considered, cover whole chapters, only perhaps here and there a line or a verse made by the copyist in order to expand, soften, or explain what he was writing. To all intents and purposes, we have a complete work, revised and put in shape by Ezekial himself.

The book itself falls naturally into three striking portions. The last and most celebrated, and perhaps the most epoch-making, covers his scheme for the new temple which was to be built, the ceremonial laws concerning the worship there, and the sketch for a theocratic government. All this was done, of course, when Jerusalem was in ruins and long before there was even a remote prospect of a return of the Israelites and a Restoration. But in the quiet and seclusion of his life in Babylonia, with intense faith in Yahweh and assurance of himself as a prophet, he worked out an elaborate scheme, which was in a certain way to make him the father of the coming Jewish Church. The middle portion is made up of prophecies concerning other nations; judgments passed upon them, and warnings as to their overthrow. Some of these are very fine, although perhaps striking us as rather monotonous, after the prophecies concerning such nations, that we have found in previous studies. The forepart or third portion contains the passages with reference to the Israelites themselves; their iniquities, and punishment they deserved, denunciation for their sins, and prophecies concerning the final overthrow of Jerusalem.

We must, in imagination, when studying Ezekiel, first follow the captives on their long journey to Babylonia, fancying them settling down there on new soil, forming a colony, as it were, but living by themselves, keeping up more or less their own customs and institutions, while paying taxes to Babylonia. Yet, in a sense, they may have been as much a Jewish people there, if not more, than at home in Judea. We must keep always in mind the fact that after this first captivity, Jerusalem was still standing and a large number of Israelites remaining in that city or in Judea.

We have already observed that Jeremiah, the other great prophet, looked upon those captives as being the real kernel of the Israelites, rather than those who were left behind in Judea, assuming that those in captivity were the actual "Israel." We shall see how the same feeling prevailed, evidently, in the mind of Ezekiel. According to the best accounts we have, this man appeared as a prophet about five years after the first captives had gone to Babylonia, and his work covered about twenty-two years all told. He does not seem, however, to have ever had the influence or prestige which had been held or exerted by Jeremiah.

In a sense, we are to look upon him as the great transitional mind, and his book as the transition from the older prophecy to the later establishment of a Jewish Church. We shall see that the priestly element in him was very strong. But more than that, the peculiar circumstances of his life and of the surroundings of the people there in captivity, naturally led to great changes in the general attitude. For instance, we have seen how the tendency among the former prophets was to emphasize worship of the heart and continually to put the ceremonial worship in the background or as of less importance. It was, to be sure, coming out as of more significance in the momentous appearance of the Book of Deuteronomy. But even Jeremiah had the other attitude more strikingly, and stood by the spiritual sense which characterized the other great prophets.

The significant feature with regard to Ezekiel as the transitional thinker there in the captivity is, that while the conception of the Deity becomes even more spiritualized than in any other of the prophets, so that the distance between Yahweh and the human creature is put forward as greater than had ever been conceived of before, and Yahweh was fancied still further away in unapproachable majesty, as the one, sole, all-ruling, omnipotent God; yet in the worship of the Deity, the tendency of Ezekiel is reactionary on the external side of ceremonialism. And in this way we see the transition and the movement toward the ceremonial church of later times.

We can recognize a cause for this and should expect it as inevitable. One of two results was bound to follow and both results already show themselves among different persons. Either there would be a feeling that Yahweh had gone back on his people and was not such a great God after all and had not been true to the promises of the prophets—in this way leading the people who felt thus to drift off in more or less sympathy with the religion of surrounding nations; or the feeling would grow strong in the other direction to a more determined belief in the majesty and supremacy of Yahweh, with the conviction that the people themselves had deserved what they got, and that, therefore, instead of falling away, they were to worship the God of Israel, Yahweh, more devotedly than ever, and be more loyal to him than they had been in Palestine.

But as they could no longer worship him in Jerusalem and show respect for his presence there, as his sacred city, there would be all the more inclination on the part of such persons to try to find external forms or methods by which to make up for Jerusalem and the temple, and so to hold on to such forms or rites as they could carry with them and which were not attached exclusively to the temple worship.

Supreme, therefore, in this respect, may have been the Sabbath. And now we see how what had been perhaps just one of various religious institutions, coming to the front and promising to become of enormous significance in the future history of the Jewish Church. It may be well at this point, therefore, for the class to turn over and read from chapter XX, verse 5, down through verse 21. But the emphasis on the Sabbath here is only one of the important fea-

tures of this passage. We have now in striking form the interpretation of the whole history of Israel, which was to appear in the later revision of the Historic Books of the Bible. It may be worth while in this passage to count the number of times in which the word Sabbath occurs, just to see how it had loomed up in significance to this prophet. But along with this point is to be observed the other feature in the interpretation put upon the history of the people of Israel, which comes out again and again, as we have said, in the Historic Books, where we are led to assume that a pure, ideal religion was given almost from the start and from which the Israelites kept falling away and being punished over and over again—as if idolatry had been the great crime which Yahweh had forbidden his people at the outset of their career.

We know, as a matter of fact, that history reads just the other way. We have no assurance that Jacob, or Abraham, or Moses were monotheists or even opposed to idolatry. In spite of the way the historic documents were revised in after times, it is possible in the stray phrases or terms which survive, to see something of the original conditions. We remember, for instance, about the "brazen serpent," in the story of Moses, which to all intents and purposes, was an idol, and the respect paid to it we should now call idolatry. We read how in still earlier times Jacob's wives ran off with their father's gods. As for the Sabbath or the seventh day festival, it had been a Canaanitish festival before the Israelites came into that country, although the "rest" feature appears to have been given to it through the Israelites. We see, therefore, most strikingly how the prophets were the ones who really inaugurated the movement against idolatry, perhaps giving the new interpretation to the Sabbath as set apart for the worship of Yahweh in a higher form. It was very natural, therefore, that at the time when Ezekiel lived, the tendency should arise to read history in the light of advanced thought.

We found already that Jeremiah had laid emphasis on the Sabbath and we notice how the Sabbath was coming out as an important feature in Deuteronomy. But probably it was among the captives in Babylonia where it assumed its supreme importance, because it gave the people there a chance in this way of having an external method of showing their loyalty to their God Yahweh. Deuteronomy had centered the ceremonial worship at Jerusalem and at the temple. But the commemoration of the Sabbath could take place anywhere.

A reading in connection with a study of Ezekiel is to be found in Kuenen, "The Religion of Israel," in volume II, chapter VII, on "The Israelites in Babylonia," as we find there a good analysis of the work of this prophet.

Another very important feature characterizing Ezekiel is what goes under the name of the apocalyptic tendency. This, which had been a minor feature of the great prophets, was in the ensuing centuries to become the all-important phase, as we see, in the Book of Daniel or as we hear of in the other work not in our Bible, the Book of Enoch. We mean by this the tendency to fuse one's utterances into visions, to describe one's thoughts in a mystical way by means of visions. Yet the vision itself is often worked out very elaborately and is not something which flashes upon the mind by a seeming inspiration.

There may have been an inclination to this in the Hebrews of the time. But, on the whole, it would look as if the tendency developed through contact with the still more oriental Babylonians. In a certain way, this peculiar quality makes Ezekiel interesting to the mystic or to the poet because of the imagination involved or the striking fancies introduced. But it weakens the force of moral wrath or righteous indignation. It tends to make the thought or sentiment more abstract.

Perhaps it would be well for the class, therefore, to read aloud the whole of the first chapter down through verse 4 of chapter II. There may be a disposition among the class members to go off into elaborate speculations as to the meanings of the various points in this vision. But it is doubtful whether the time used in that way would be well spent. The striking point to observe is, that we can see the Babylonian influence on the imagination of the prophet. The figures introduced have partly come from images or pictures seen in Babylonia. In the opening pages of the translation of Ezekiel from the Polychrome Bible, there will be found some illustrations of those combination forms of figures with animal or human heads and pairs of wings, taken from monuments or fragments of monuments which have been found in that country in modern times.

But this whole passage naturally will have considerable interest, as descriptive of the "call" of Ezekiel to become a prophet.

There are a number of such visions scattered through Ezekiel, one of which has been beautifully worked out in a famous painting by Raphael. But there is danger of spending too much time studying out their significance. What we are after is the general trend of thought or sentiment and the contrasts between features of this Book and the writings of the other prophets.

A still further and all-important characteristic of Ezekiel, as compared with the other great prophets, is the growing tendency to concentration of interest on the ceremonial worship of Yahweh instead of the worship by moral conduct. For the most part we observe that the ethical judgments or denunciations passed upon the people deal with the sin of idolatry or neglect of positive worship and recognition of Yahweh, the God of Israel. There is much less of the dominant note concerning "oppression of the poor," than we find in the preceding writings. This too was owing to the fact probably that a greater degree of equality prevailed among the captives for a length of time, so that injustice between each other was perhaps less encouraged and less conspicuous than in former times. The great danger which the prophets felt naturally was that the people would fall away and merge with the heathen. The one supreme purpose of their lives, therefore, had to be to hold them from idolatry and keep the people to a formal worship of the God Yahweh.

Yet there is one very remarkable chapter touching on the ethical side, which should be read carefully as being very significant because it concentrates a great deal in one passage. It is the well-known chapter XVIII. In this we have, as it were, a summary of ethical sentiment up to that time. But it involves more than this special phase, as it introduces us to an argument in theology. We have here a striking suggestion as to the belief in individual responsibility for wickedness. We have noticed heretofore a tendency, perhaps, among the prophets to think as if God punished children for the sins of the fathers, or all Israel for the sins of a part of Israel. This fact of vicarious punishment is even brought out in the decalogue.

Ezekiel, on the other hand, throws down the gauntlet to that whole theory. Boldly, in spite of experience and observation of facts which might be thrust into his face, he announces as his conviction that Yahweh will hold each man responsible for his own conduct and deal with him accordingly. Most of chapter XVIII had better be read pretty carefully, therefore, omitting a few verses, such as verses 6, 11, and 15. In the first place, in this passage, we see a magnificent conception of the Deity, so much in advance of the primitive ideas, showing that now the human mind had got so far as to realize that a God could not take pleasure in

the punishment of a human creature. The Deity of Ezekiel is not by any means a tender, loving father. We have rather a picture of stern, personified justice. But it involves a just being who can take no satisfaction in the misfortune of any living creature. Note especially verse 23 and the scorn with which Yahweh is assumed to repudiate the idea that he could take any pleasure "in that the wicked should die." It is magnificent, therefore, the way the chapter closes with the exclamation, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; wherefore turn ye and live." In such passages we must watch carefully the feeling with regard to the Deity; how the conception of the Deity is developing and how the ethical advance in human judgment of right and wrong is keeping hand in hand with the advanced ethical conceptions concerning the Deity. One cannot help being astonished at the boldness with which Ezekiel holds to this idea of individual responsibility, in spite of all the experience which he had had. Furthermore, we must keep in mind that nowhere does he or any other of these prophets introduce the feature of the immortality of the soul as a balancing element. Up to the present time, in none of the prophets who had lived to the day of the captivity, had any one of them clearly announced such a doctrine. They were coming to believe in the immortality of Israel. But not yet had they come to believe in the immortality of the soul of the individual. Yet without that faith, this stern old prophet holds rigidly to the belief, as we see, that every man shall be judged, awarded and punished on earth according to his conduct or according to his loyalty to Yahweh, the God of Israel.

It would be well also to compare the attitude of Ezekiel in regard to the fate of Jerusalem with the attitude on the same subject on the part of Jeremiah. It would seem that both of them had been convinced of the final overthrow of their city after the first siege, when a part of the people had been carried away into captivity. This it was, undoubtedly, which made the prophet Ezekiel unpopular in Babylonia and weakened his influence. The faith may have survived still among the masses that Jerusalem would stand. But somehow the grand old prophets got it into their heads that the doom was coming and that the final destruction would take place. It was partly because of their ethical sentiment, partly because of their advanced conceptions of Deity, by which they were able to separate their God Yahweh from the thought of any place or locality.

It might be well to read over rapidly a part of chapter XVI, therefore, touching on this sentiment concerning Jerusalem. There is poetry and beautiful imagery in the way the prophet thinks of Jerusalem as a human creature and how Yahweh had taken that human creature from nativity and cared for it, nursed it, raised it to glory. The passage could be read from verse 1 down through verse 14. It shows the tender feeling which the thoughtful men must have had for their city and how they had reveled in former times in the glory of Jerusalem.

Instead of continuing in that chapter, however, with regard to the judgment which was to follow, it might be better to go back to chapter V and read from verse 5 through to the end of the chapter. Nothing more terrible could be thought of than this frightful picture which the prophet is here announcing concerning the fall of the city so loved by the people, and in whose safety they still believed. Another passage appalling in its imagery, which goes under the name, "The rusted caldron," and touching on the rough fate of Jerusalem, is to be found in chapter XXIV, verse 1, through verse 14. A few such figures are worth reading just to observe how the oriental temperament of those days could heap up awful pictures when the mind was vividly stirred on a solemn theme. Nothing more frightful could be fancied than this picture of bones and flesh of the people of Jerusalem thrown into a pot, boiled over a fire, that Yahweh might sate his fury in that way upon them because of their iniquities. It might be well in this special instance to read the translation which occurs in the Polychrome version.

It has been mentioned a number of times in these studies that the great prophets we have talked about were not the only persons going under that name in Israel during those days. Undoubtedly there were any number of persons setting themselves up as having the power of foretelling the future, acting as soothsayers or wizards; and the characteristic of many of them undoubtedly was the disposition to foretell what would please the people or what the people wished to have prophesied. Once and again we come upon the denunciations heaped upon these make-believe prophets, by those who possessed the real characteristics and were true ethical judges. Naturally these greatest men must have felt it keenly to see how the mass of the people often followed the contemptible charlatans who set themselves up as if inspired by Yahweh. In order to show this feeling and the situation, the part of chapter XIII might be studied a little where we have just such a denunciation against those miserable false prophets. Take verses 1 to 10 and see enough there to give us an idea of the situation. The phrase occurring in verse 10, "Peace; and there was no peace," has become classic. It is certainly an interesting fact that the writings that have come down to us from the men of those days, have been the writings of these stern, unpopular ethical judges, who must have often been hated by the people and who could usually only prophesy what the people did not want to hear.

We have mentioned the middle portion of Ezekiel, which includes prophecies against the other nations. As we have read some of those prophecies from the preceding writers, it may be as well to pass rapidly over these special chapters from this writer, glancing at not more than one or two of them to get their general import. Possibly the most striking one of all is that dealing with Egypt. Another has to do with Tyre. It is rather hard for us now to appreciate what immense importance the Tyrian kingdom must have had, but we have a picture in the prophet of the way the people of Tyre may have exulted over the fall of Jerusalem. This must have grated very severely on the Hebrews as well as on their prophet, even while the prophet admitted that the overthrow was justified. But we are more concerned perhaps with the striking judgment pronounced upon Egypt, because that kingdom had been of such enormous influence for a thousand years or more, and had influenced the destinies of the whole early world. For that reason, as a literary study, if nothing else, I should have a part of chapter XXXII read aloud. Nothing in English literature is more graphic than this language of Ezekiel, beginning with verse 2, down through verse 16. It puzzles us to understand how one mind could think up so many awful things.

But the more significant point to be considered is the one we have mentioned already, as also found in Jeremiah. We are meeting in these great prophets now with a conception of history, as such; that is to say, of certain laws which work out certain results in history. Naturally the prophets personified those laws. The sentiment or idea, however, is the same. We see how they conceived of such a kingdom as Babylonia, wicked as it may have been in itself, carrying out the purposes of Israel's God, Yahweh, and executing punishment on other wicked nations. The prophet, therefore, instead of denouncing Babylonia, sees that kingdom as doing the work of the Lord. It is expressed in that verse 12, where Yahweh is assumed to exclaim, "By the swords of the mighty will I cause thy multitude to fall; the terrible of the nations are

they all; and they shall spoil the pride of Egypt, and all the multitude thereof shall be destroyed."

It is hard for us to appreciate at first the enormous significance or vastness of this new conception on the part of the prophets, as showing a faith in ethical tendencies or ethical laws in history; and so in a sense laying the foundations of what we should now call the science of sociology.

Yet what will interest us very much more than this passage dealing with judgments upon other nations, or even the passages giving us the judgments upon Israel, is another feature which we have met with more or less vaguely in the other prophets, but which now comes out boldly and strikingly in Ezekiel. We remember to have come upon the phrase "the remnant" far back in Isaiah a century or more before. We see how that prophet had said that a remnant would be spared; although Isaiah still believed that Jerusalem itself would also be spared.

Furthermore, in the other prophets here and there, especially at the end of their writings, we observe the element of hope, pointing out how a great change should come after the punishment, with a millennial restoration of some kind. Unfortunately, however, the authenticity of many of these passages is questionable. In certain cases we have reason to think that such chapters were inserted at the end of the prophecies in later times, after a restoration really had taken place and the temple had been rebuilt in Jerusalem. But whatever uncertainty we may feel with regard to those "Messianic" or "Millennial" pictures of the earlier prophets, we have little reason to question the trustworthiness or authenticity of such passages in Ezekiel. This is a very interesting point and leads us to study such chapters with a good deal of care. Whether or not the former prophets had held on with determined faith in a millennium for the Israelites in the future, this faith arose with tremendous force in the prophet we are now studying. Not only that, it arose long before there was any definite outlook suggestive of grounds for hope. It came probably after the final overthrow, when Jerusalem was in ashes and the second group of exiles had arrived in Babylonia. The intense individualism of a man like Ezekiel would keep him from losing faith, and perhaps arouse his ardor all the more when the outlook was the darkest. It must be remembered that these prophets believed with all their might in their God Yahweh and never lost their faith in him. More than that, there had been a growing feeling that Israel had been a "chosen people" and that therefore Yahweh, for his own name's sake, would restore his people. Hence we turn with interest to see what Ezekiel has to say on this subject. We might in the first place look at it from the attitude of one of his visions. Take chapter XXXVII. It is a passage often quoted, and sometimes used to support the doctrine of immortality. But we have the best of reason to assume that it had no such meaning in this particular instance. It was a figure of speech, by which the prophet was holding out an assurance that an ideal Israel would survive and that there would be a new Israel establishesd in Jerusalem after the days of punishment were over.

Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the chapter XXXVI, the whole of which would be interesting. But only a part of it had better be read over, lest the subject grow tiresome or the lines become monotonous. But the verses 22 through 28 of that chapter are certainly something never to be forgotten, and should be recited aloud in the class. Interesting it is to see how determined that prophet seems to keep the idea of God immaculate; and, therefore, not for an instant to let the Israelites feel as if all this good was coming to them because of any special goodness in themselves, inasmuch as they had sinned and deserved death in no end of ways. In the prophet's conception Yahweh does this "for my own holy name's sake." Touching it is to see how in these lines the picture is given of a purified Israel, a people remembering their sins and wishing now to do better—as, for instance, in verse 31 of the same chapter.

A similar passage occurs at the end of chapter XXXVII, in verses 21 through verse 28. It is also interesting from the fact that we come now upon the peculiar feeling which was to grow up concerning King David, who in many ways had been anything but an ideal man. But the prophets and the priests were to transform in their fancies the whole history of Israel and see it as a series of events in the growth of a theocratic kingdom. Another passage of the same character is in chapter XXXIV, from verse 17 to the end. But if the class feel as if they had had enough of this subject and do not care to carry it on further we need not read this passage, inasmuch as we shall come back to this theme in future lessons.

The all-important portion of Ezekiel, however, comes in with the last eight or nine chapters, beginning with chapter XL. This was the epoch-making portion of his writings—although on the whole, it is the least interesting part for us to read.

We come now to the great characteristic of Ezekiel, which has given him the name of having been the first prophet of "dogmatic theology." In him we see the starting point of creeds and dogmas. It is the transition epoch to the establishment of an organized, eleaborate Ceremonial Church.

In his solitude, there by himself, in Babylonia, with the people little in sympathy with him, working over his own writings, this man thought out a scheme for the new kingdom of the future Israel which would be established at Jerusalem. In his plan, we see the beginning of ecclesiasticism or the standpoint of a theocratic state, with a church independent of the state, or even ruling over the state.

Inasmuch as Jerusalem was to be a dependent kingdom for centuries, this very conception of a theocratic state was a possibility, as the only home government open to them was to be the church side or the religious side, with the priesthood dominating in so far as the secular foreign government would tolerate.

Ezekiel, therefore, thinks out most elaborately the structure of the new temple to be built in Jerusalem. A picture of his scheme will be found in a drawing in the Polychrome Bible. The class might read a little of it in order to get an idea of what it is all about, taking perhaps chapter XLI as a sample.

Far more important, however, than the sketch of the temple is the outline of a ceremonial worship to be established there. Here we see the final step which was coming in the transition from Judaism as a religion of the prophets, a thing of the heart, to the later Judaism, a religion of the priesthood and a thing of ceremonialism. We have the plan laid out for the sacrificial offerings, the worship at the temple, the duties of the priests, etc. There is little of ethical precept to be found there. Perhaps that phase of the life of the people is taken for granted in the mind of the prophet. As a short illustration of this ceremonial worship proposed by Ezkiel, chapter XLVI might be read, the whole of it, or the part, from verse 1 through verse 15.

This portion of Ezekiel would all seem rather dull and uninteresting, if it were not for the momentous influence it was to exert upon religious history. The religion of today, of the nineteenth century, has been immensely affected by it; the whole course of the world's religious history has been more or less altered because of these chapters from Ezekiel. The idea of an organized church, a religion founded on dogma—all this can be traced to the transitional prophet who lived in the Exile at Babylonia.

It may be that during his lifetime he was not much

looked up to and that his scheme was not thought much about. To all appearance we are forced to judge that when the first group of exiles went back to Jerusalem, they thought little about Ezekiel or his plans. But we must remember that Judaism for another seventy years rested largely in the Yahweh worship in Babylonia, rather than in the feebly restored Jerusalem. The Judaism of the future depended rather on the great return of Ezra and the people who went with him, about a hundred and twenty-five years after the great destruction of Jerusalem. And we are led to infer that the foundation principles of Judaism that Ezra was to set up, could be traced back to this prophet, Ezekiel.

THE STUDY TABLE.

World Politics.*

World politics is a new phrase in political science. No longer contented with our home affairs, we are witnesses and actors in a world drama. Our boundaries are widening and our geographies are mapping the hitherto unknown, unexplored region. Established frontiers are merging into new countries, new cities are rising, and old marts, like Venice, tumbling to ruin and decay. We are no longer citizens of a canton, struggling with our own domestic problems, but cosmopolitans, and active participants in the strenuous struggle of the world. Immensity, vastness, contact with the entire human family, a commerce trans-oceanic, railroads transcontinental—these are among the impressions the book leaves in the mind of the reader.

Opening China to the powers seems to be like discovering a new continent. The inexhaustible resources, the tremendous possibilities, add another fairy tale to fiction.

It is not the data which the author has supplied with painstaking accuracy; not the information or the sidelights cast on the secret play of ministers and emperors; not its scholarship, that lends value to the book, but its striking suggestiveness. The author has not prepared a speculative essay, feeding the imagination. As a historian of contemporaneous history he lets facts speak for themselves. He lets us see how imperialism is trampling upon the freedom of the masses, how nationalism is fanning the greed of peoples, how the benevolence of democracy is being exchanged for the rigor of militarism—how humanitarian tendencies are swept aside by the besom of force. He has not disguised matters because he is no partisan; nor does he gloss facts by sophistical apologies. The author tells us openly that our republican ideals are scoffed and that the slavism of Russia, its despotism, is winning the upper hand in the wrestle of nations.

Of more than special interest is the book to us Americans because of late we have danced to the tune of imperialism. The author is careful to show what imperialism implies, and how an imperial policy will change the course of our government and modify our entire political system. One of the first and direct results is the removal of interest from domestic to foreign affairs, and in consequence a lessening of personal activity in the affairs of state. By imperialism we will transfer the control of government into the hands of the executive and foster a special governmental class. It is the boast of the American that "he is ready for anything." Is he ready for a government that attempts to deprive him of his franchise?

Fortunately for us, the school men are acquainting the reading public with exact conditions, and the ruinous process of imperialism will not take root without a protest long and unrelenting from the thinking classes. This very impression and the suggestions it causes shows how valuable a treatise Mr. Reinsch has presented. As one of the series in the Citizen's Library, which Prof. Ely is editing and the Macmillans publishing, the writer heartily recommends the book to all citizens who wish to be among the masters of those who know.

JOSEPH LEISER.

* World Politics, At the End of XIX Century, As Influenced by the Oriental Situation, by Paul S. Reinsch. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price $1.25.

Minor Notices.

*It was a happy thought to cast this discussion of social and industrial problems into the form of a debate between workingmen representing different grades of culture and different ideas as to the causes and remedies of existing conditions. While a thread of romance runs through the book, the author has evidently not sought to produce a novel or to make a story the vehicle for his convictions. The object in view is serious and a tone of deep earnestness pervades every page. The exigencies of discussion, whether between the conservative capitalist and his philanthropically disposed nephew, or between the members of the Workingmen's Club, afford opportunity for a natural and efficient citation of a wide range of authorities and also for passing in review the various popular schemes for amelioration, together with incisive criticism of each in turn. It would be difficult to name a book which would give so impartial a resume of the more prominent theories of social reconstruction. Its power and usefulness are largely due to its continuous appeal to intelligence as the only safe guide, and its recognition that the reconstruction of society is possible only through gradual improvement of the individual, who shall thus become capable of high religious and altruistic ideals.

†This handsomely printed booklet is the first of a projected Boy Saver's Series. If the author carries into his work among boys the zeal for humanity, the practical common sense, the knowledge of human nature and the saving sense of humor which appear in these pages, the riddle is easily read how he should gather, interest and retain that group of four hundred bright-faced and keen-witted boys, whose combined photograph serves as frontispiece for this little volume. In eight brief chapters the fundamental principles of boy saving are given in a style at once clear and pleasing. It is shown how, if there be but the desire, many distrustful of their qualification for this very important work may yet become most successful in it. Anyone interested in the saving of boys to useful and honorable citizenship—and what lover of humanity is not—would be benefited by a perusal of this little treatise. That it is written by a Roman Catholic and that its specific illustrations are in connection with that church in no wise lessens its general suggestiveness for all workers among the young. We shall look with interest for the appearance of the succeeding numbers.

G. R. P.

The popular and helpful Life-Studies Series, published at fifty cents a year (eight numbers) single copies six cents, by Jas. H. West Co., 79 Milk street, Boston, reaches its fifty-second number in Margaret Scott Gatty's "Not Lost, but Gone Before." This is a beautiful little allegory on the subject of immortality. All the weight of analogy in the natural world, as illustrated in the transformation of a mud-burrowing grub into the brilliant dragon-fly, is brought to bear, in the form of a prettily woven tale, upon the problem of a future life for humanity.

*Let There Be Light. By David Lubin. C. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1900. 12-mo. pp. vi., 526.

†Organizers and Their First Steps. By the Rev. Geo. E. Quinn, S. J. Sacred Heart Library. 1900. 12 mo., pp. 108, paper 25 cts.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. O Lord, teach me to know my need of help from thee, and seek after it; to find my place and keep it; know my duty and do it.

MON. Prepare me, O Lord, for what thou are preparing for me.

TUES. When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

WED. The thing which I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor.

THUR. Take your time; there is no hurry. The present moment is as sacred as any other.

FRI. Thou hast made our lives pleasant every day with love; we would make other lives gladder every day with our love.

SAT. From each as she has power to give to each as she has need.

A Borrowed Back-Yard.

The Little Boy had always "boarded." Twice since he could remember he had been to the seashore; to the country, never. He knew very little of growing things, except trees and plants in pots. When his father rented a house, and they were to live all over it, the Little Boy hoped there would be a yard. There was a yard behind the house—a very small yard—and it was bricked all over. There was not a bit of green, except where weeds came up between the bricks. The Little Boy was very much disappointed.

"I hoped there would be grass and maybe flowers," he said.

"I hope you can have a yard to play in some time," said mother. "But you have a whole house to yourself now; isn't that enough at one time?"

"Yes," said the Little Boy, "I s'pose it is, only I had hoped there would be grass in the yard; at least grass."

The Little Boy helped his mother put the house to rights. There was some new furniture and some old furniture which had belonged to the Little Boy's grandmother. It had been "stored," and the Little Boy couldn't remember it at all. It was such fun to live in a whole house!

"The folks across the street have a yard, mother," cried the Little Boy one morning. "See that open-work iron gate, and that long brick wall by the house? It's back of that, mother. I went over and looked through. There is grass, mother—there is grass, and a flower bed. I saw them myself, mother," said the Little Boy. That afternoon the Little Boy had more news about "the folks across the street."

"There is a little girl, mother," he said; "a little girl in a blue dress. She was climbing on the open-work iron gate. May I sit on our front steps, mother?" The Little Girl soon called to him.

"O, Little Boy," she called, "come across the street. I can't come out because the gate is locked." The Little Boy ran quickly across the street.

"You have a back-yard, haven't you?" he said, pleasantly. "Ours is only bricks."

"Yes," said the Little Girl in a most friendly way. "If the gate wasn't locked I'd show you my flowers. I have a rosebush. Have you a rosebush, Little Boy?"

"No," said the Little Boy, soberly.

"There aren't any flowers yet," said the Little Girl. "It's too soon for roses; but wait a minute and I'll pick you a leaf." The Little Boy watched the Little Girl's blue dress as it twirled around the corner of the house. She soon came back with a spray of pinkish-green rose leaves only partly opened. She poked it through the open-work iron gate until it fell on the pavement outside, where the Little Boy picked it up. Some grown-up persons called, "Supper's ready, Miss Isabel," and the Little Girl had to say "Good-night" and go in.

"To-morrow I'll get the gate unlocked, and show you my garden," she said. The Little Boy took his rose-leaves home. He was very happy. He put the rose-leaves in water because it was so kind of the Little Girl to give them to him.

As soon as breakfast was over next day the Little Boy took his paper soldiers and went to sit on the front steps. It was a long time before the Little Girl came. The postman and the iceman had both come and gone, and a man crying early strawberries had disappeared down the street. At last the Little Girl came and called to the Little Boy to come over.

"We are going away to-morrow," she said. This was bad news for the Little Boy.

"I didn't suppose people with back-yards went away," said he.

"We're going to the mountains for three months," said the Little Girl. "We take the baby and Matilda and all my dolls."

"What do you do with your back-yard?" said the Little Boy.

"I might lend that to you," said the Little Girl, thoughtfully. "I'll ask mother if I may."

That afternoon, because the sun was hot on the front steps, the Little Boy played train in the house. At 4 o'clock the door-bell rang. It was a lady—the lady who lived with the Little Girl where the back-yard was. She was the Little Girl's mother. She smiled in the same way the Little Girl smiled. She came to see the Little Boy's mother.

"If you are not going away this summer," she said, "I thought perhaps the Little Boy might like to play in our yard sometimes. It is generally cool and shady, and my Little Girl has planted seeds which will blossom before she comes back. Your Little Boy can water them and pick the flowers. All children love flowers so, and I know you have no place for them in your yard."

"You never did a kinder thing in all your life, I am sure," said the Little Boy's mother. "I am sure I can not tell you how grateful the boy's father and I will be."

"Can I go on the grass?" asked the Little Boy.

"Indeed you may," said the Little Girl's mother, and she kissed the Little Boy.

So the Little Boy had the key to the open-work iron gate, and went in and out as he chose. He watered the flowers and when they budded he was almost too excited to go to sleep at night until they bloomed. You see, he did not know what they would be like until they blossomed. They were nasturtiums—they blossom all the time after they are started—and there were a few fine red poppies and a few dear pansies and some morning glories; yes, and the pink rosebush blossomed. The roses were pink. The first one was almost too precious to pick! A man came once in a while to cut the grass, but the Little Boy and his mother took all the care of the flowers. The paper soldiers marched among the pansies, and the toy ship sailed in the grass. It was a happy summer. One night after dark—it was autumn now—the Little Girl and her mother and father and the baby and Matilda and the dolls came home from the mountains. The Little Girl's cheeks were brown, but they were hardly browner than the Little Boy's. He had been farming in the sunshine. His cheeks were brown, too. The next morning he went over and rang the doorbell. The Little Girl and her mother came down stairs when they saw who was at the door.

"Here's the key to the open-work iron gate," said the Little Boy; "and I want to return that back-yard I borrowed. I'm ever so much obliged."—*Exchange.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Canada.—The following item concerning a Montreal church we clip from an English exchange: "The Rev. Adam Murman of Zion Congregational Church, Montreal, lately resigned his pulpit, stating that he could not pray for the Queen and the success of the British arms in South Africa, as requested. Mr. Murman is a United States citizen. He says he never did, and never would, pray for the success of any arms. Bravo, Murman! But why did you not stick to your people and convert them?"

VACATION NOTES FROM THE NORTHWEST.

DEAR UNITY:—For three weeks I have been away gathering my "foreign notes," or impressions, at first hand over the Canadian border, for the great part of the time where the post-office was visited but once a week, and the "strenuous life" of the new settler from the states was scarcely disturbed by such belated echoes from China and South Africa as reached him.

Twice a month a tourists' or homeseekers' excursion starts from Chicago for these new regions of the agricultural northwest, and it seems strange to see flocking into them both the young and the middle-aged from Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, etc., localities which a generation ago seemed scarcely less strange and remote to the New Englander or the New Yorker. An only sister having settled up in North Alberta this season, it was hither your reporter turned her steps for her summer outing, leaving her usual avocations and associations almost as completely behind her as if she had put to sea.

Taking a Wisconsin Central sleeper on the evening of Tuesday, August 7, the next morning found her in St. Paul, with the day before her for making acquaintance with the "Twin Cities." Trolley rides to Lake Harriet and the Falls of Minnehaha, with a visit to friends in the Minneapolis Public Library, filled up the hours agreeably, nothwithstanding the heat, and at 6 o'clock she boarded the "tourist sleeper" for her two nights and days' incursion into the Queen's Dominion. It looked for a while as if she and the colored porter—who was also his own sleeping car conductor—were to have it all their own way; and, indeed, though a few other passengers did in course of time drift in seeking cooler or better accommodations than the other cars afforded, the colored brother remained for the next thirty-six hours her chief resource in the matter of sociability. He had served in the United States army, and traversed the country far and wide as a porter on the Pullman sleepers. Though better paid and treated in Canadian employ, he claimed the States as home and his heart was sore over the outrages and injustice so frequently shown his race there, while he spoke with pride of the achievements of its best men and of the progress that he felt his people had been making. "I do not read novels," he said, as he observed your correspondent reading one, "but I read the magazines a good deal, the Forum, Atlantic, North American," etc. and there was a slight touch of patronage in a subsequent remark: "I thought perhaps you were interested in other things besides the race question—in imperialism, South Africa, and other questions of the day. There were certain articles on these topics I wanted to talk with you about, but, of course, if you haven't read the magazines you cannot discuss them with me."

All day Thursday we went on over the interminable, treeless country of North Dakota and Assiniboia, and our waking eyes next morning saw the same green plains stretching away flat as a table as far as the eye could reach, but a few hours later the Rocky Mountains loomed up cloudlike on the far horizon. At Moose Jaw, where we ran into the Canadian Pacific main line and joined its through train from the East, our eyes were rejoiced by the sight of a large and flourishing flower and vegetable garden adjoining the station. From that point to Calgary the train advanced in two sections, and we arrived more than an hour late in consequence. Here we changed cars for the branch road running directly north to Edmonton. As the passengers swarmed out on to the platform the scene became a lively and interesting one, in which the Canadian land agent, the farmers and homeseekers from the States, with a few foreigners who seemed with difficulty to understand the English information addressed to them, and a sprinkling of Indians in native costume, were the salient features.

The north bound train was crowded with an animated throng in which all the local people from anywhere along the line seemed to know each other, while all the men, whether belonging to the region or not, scraped acquaintance and exchanged eager comment, question and answer as to land, crops, weather, climate, stock, game, everything that came under their observation. Women and children were not wanting, while amid all the varieties of business, outing and hunting costumes, one man's dress marked him at once as an English curate, and further on he was joined by another whose bearing of experience and authority no less than his attire proved him quite unmistakably a bishop of the established church.

So the long day wore on. The country was more diversified, but clouds shut off the distant view, and, though it did not rain, the land seemed to grow more and more water-soaked as we advanced. Not till the conductor claimed her check, saying that as there was no station at Millet he must put her trunk off, and asking if she knew some one there, did it occur to the scribe to wonder what would happen if she were not met. Not far from 6 p. m. she was dropped by the roadside with her luggage. The only building in sight was an unpainted, story-and-a-half frame structure labeled "store," and as the train sped away it was with a welcome sense of relief that she saw in front of this a two-horse wagon and her brother-in-law approaching.

Then followed a four or five mile drive, "by moor and fen," through mud holes, over stumps and underbrush, now on the open, now following a mere track through the woods, here coming upon a bit of ploughed land, a rough pole fence, a sod-roofed log house or cattle shelter, or other sign of human occupation, anon with the dogs starting up the prairie chickens or willow grouse from their coverts, till the rushing Pipestone was forded and at last the little plain-board, one-room shack was reached which held her loved ones.

Of her two weeks' sojourn there she has not much to say, for she would not weary you. Poplar and spruce, dead timber and living, slough and gumbo land, bird and blossom, make up an ensemble rather fair to look upon, particularly when the sun shines, and the deep blue sky, the fleecy cloud masses and the wide horizon give an ever new sense of expansion and spiritual uplift. But when the rainy days far outnumber the pleasant ones; when the cows take the very most inopportune time to wander away, and the roof leaks over the tired sleepers, there come now and then some moments of discouragement. Truly it is a "strenuous life," but it is not a sordid one. Little acts of neighborliness among those nearest to each other sweeten the toil. Sixteen children of school age in this little group of four or five families gathered from Massachusetts, Ohio, the Georgian Bay country and the great world-city of London! Application will be made for the establishment of a school on their school land. Already the dear sister is planning a Sunday school and religious service at her shack for her less favored neighbors, who cannot get to Millet to services in the store. When the prospective log house is built and the piano unpacked that "will help the singing," and her store of good books, too, will be put at the service of the little community.

I turned my back on it all August 25, in the midst of a driving snow storm, but the little wild roses of the region lifted their pink blossoms bravely above the snow. So hope and courage blossom spite of hardships in the hearts of the exiles who are building a new home center in North Alberta.

M. E. H.

Serving.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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